

THE PILGRIM LAND

PS

3505

TR946P5

1920



BY

JOSHUA FREEMAN CROWELL



Class P83505

Book R946P5

Copyright N^o 1920

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT





PLYMOUTH:

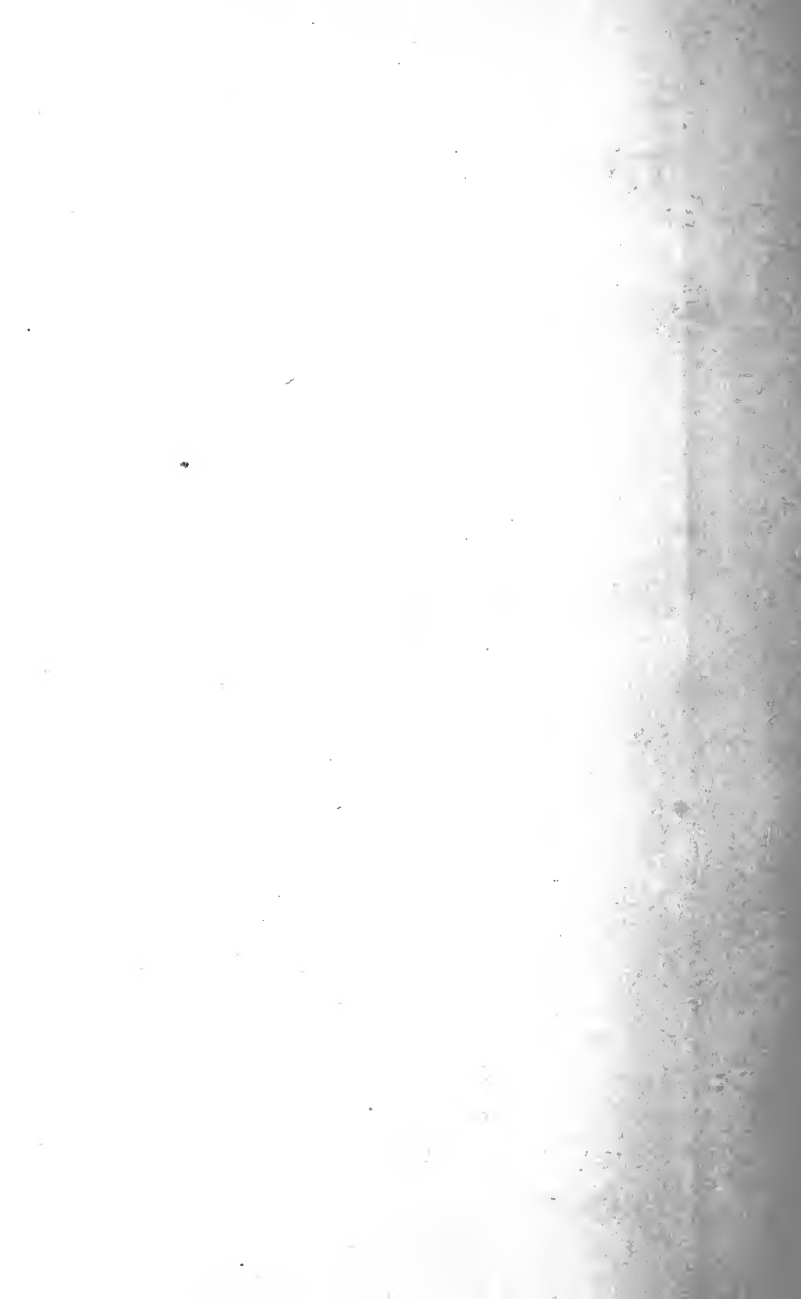
To PROVINCETOWN

Sister,

I greet you across the water with three centuries of whispered memories.

We have both mothered the high hopes of struggling humanity and with simplicity and dignity borne the burden of our faith.

Shall we hold fast the great traditions of our youth, and continue to teach the world the legends of the Pilgrim Sea, the lore of the Pilgrim Land, the lure of the Pilgrim Truth, until we see realized the sweet, simple Pilgrim Dreams of family, friendship, brotherhood, and religion?



THE PILGRIM LAND

FROM PLYMOUTH TO PROVINCETOWN

In Pastel

BY

JOSHUA FREEMAN CROWELL

Copyright
CAPE COD PUBLISHING CO., INC.
Hyannis

PS 3505
R946 P5
1920

© Cl. A 604301

NOV 22 1920

201

THE SOUTH SHORE

MATTAKESE

Born of the sea, and the spume of its wash; bred to the wind, and the wild bird's cry; its secret is murmur of wave to pine; its song is the song of the warm blue sky!

When the glaciers went over, and the clay with the rocks went under; storms leaped the ridges, and cut the contours; and life began with the heaped up sand! Between the bay and the ocean, burning winds, for ages, have signed the sun's signature upon marsh and bog, scrubland and forest!

The shore birds nest the grasses,
Peewits and sandpipers
Flit the salt edges;
Bittern and shelldrake
Follow the creeks
To the ponds and plashes!

A land of homing; the homing of sea winds and wild wings!

The homing of color and music, of bird song and sunshine and sunsets!

The homing of star faith, of moon myths and legends;
The homing of happiness; human illusions and memories!

A voice sings to the morning its far off paean of conquest,

And chants to the evening its solemn cadence of rest!

After the sun glare on water,
After hours of wave glints
And foam tints; after the yearn
Of the tiller, the pull and tug
Of the sheet; the easy dip
And slip of the boat, the cared for
Slide and watched over stride,
Lunging, plunging the plumes
Of spray; after the lineup
Of landmarks, the handling
Of halliards, the flutter
Of sail and anchorage,
Comes supper and sleep!
No prayers are needed!

With stone from the quarries, with oil from the spouters,
the sand is subdued, and rubber rolled traffic
brings the city to the threshold, to the open door of
the eager sea.

The sand is subdued,
but the winds still curse and rage in defiance:

“I was here before the cities were dreamed!
I whistled before man stuttered and stumbled!
I shall remain when the cities have crumbled!
I shall sing when man has ceased to wonder!
I am wind! The teasing torment of sea!
In the quell is my hell! I shall free
Every spell from the dull sad lull of the sea!
I am wind! World maker! Continent shaker!
When I have moulded these sand dunes, I will make
Men, sailors, and heroes, again!”

The creamy foam dabbled the scallop-shelled beach,
Where the Indian strode, Mattakese or Yanno!
The Pilgrim from Plymouth found quahaugs and
 mussels,
When the tide and the wind obeyed the spring moon.
It was Yelverton Crow walked hour glass in hand
From creek to creek for the bound to his land.
Irregularity of peninsula and bay
Gave his hour glass holding nine miles of shore.
The red race is gone, and white children play
In the fields where the stone-wrought arrow heads lie,
And wade the soft sand shores, creamy with foam.
Children of Yelverton for ten generations
Have waded this foam-dabbled scallop-shelled beach.

 Only to play
 In the soft silvery sand,
 With the glittering waves,
 And the seaweed drift.
 Only to know
 The great dome of the sky,
 And lie in the glow of the sun;
 Hearing sea voices!

“I am the singer that trumpets the storm,
Echoes the peace of melodious night,
Rejoices with dawn!
I count the changes in the time set stars!
I am old as war, and as wise as peace!
I give to the mothers and steal from the youth!
I feed the grey wolf!
I have given to life,
To the tumult and push of human life
The throb and pulse of my own!”

Have you seen
a sunset spread gold over crimson
marshes?
the shore smoked in violet with misty
twilight?
a fringe of stars on a midnight ripple?

Have you heard
the fishermen counting their catch?
the flap of the sail or the creak of the
cordage?
the eloquent silence that precedes the
storm, like the silence, that in the
midst of the most violent human com-
motion, touches the soul?

Have you dreamed
the dreams a sailor dreams;
of flowering lands,
of faces smiling in firelit rooms,
of soft white hands?

Have you sung
the songs the seamen sing;
of ports to win,
of weather, and world-wide wisdom?

Have you felt
the stinging blast and the cutting
spray?
the cruel grasp of the wave,
that tidal twist that sucks you down?

Have you known
against battling seas and baffling winds,
against the bitter buffets of time and
self,
the long, long aching pull of the heart
for home?

Have you filled
your youth with the rhythm of hope?
your life with the music that quiets the
sea and holds the stars?

Cool creeks cut curves
On flat salt meadows!
Pale dunes pile silver!
Feathered pines spread green
Over shadowy carpets of brown!
Mosses shimmer, and masses
Of shining grasses quiver
In sun sheen ecstasy!
This legendary land
Sings with ancient longing
For the lingering touch
Of the shuddering sea!

Furdurstrandus to the Norseman!

Cape Cod to Gosnold!

Mattakese to the Indians!

South Sea when forty vessels

Made home port in Lewis Bay.

West Yarmouth on the map!

Of the Indian day,

On the beam over the door

In my grandfather's house

Was the skull of a chieftain,

Plowed from the meadow!

I have many arrowheads,

Hatchets, bowls, pestles,

Sinkers and warclubs,

Picked from the land,

That my ancestor,

Ten generations ago,

Bought of the red man,

For an ox chain,

A copper kettle,

A pewter porringer,

And a few trinkets.

Furdurstrandus! Cape Cod! Mattakese!

The same land says now to the descendants of Yelverton: "Come back to your foothold; I have always repaid man's trust with content!"

Where once cattle and sheep grazed and golden maize grew, where once the deer roamed and the sailor sought his home, there are motors, and more motors and ragtime festivities;

Yet the smile of the sun,
And the breath of the sea,
Remain!

Only to live
On the soft silvery sand,
With the dreamy waves
Whispering sea music!
Only to find
In the glow of the sun,
In the dome of the sky,
The meaning of life!

In years that are gone, vast flocks of wild pigeon shadowed the brown fields; shelldrake and brant blackened the shore stretches!

Within the same vision the Katahdin patrolled the coast in the war with Spain, and of late, hydroplanes from Chatham and an occasional dirigible!

Since the canal, the wide sweep of sea pictures no greater hulls, only the power boats, the flounders and scallopers!

The meadow larks continue to tunnel the mosses; bevy of quail hide in the grasses, a casual shore bird winds the sky spaces!

The oxen are gone, the horses are gone, the gleaming light pleasure boats, the distant white fleet:

All the beautiful slow locomotion is gone, supplanted by the ugly snort and pound of the frenzied motor.

Gas coerces the land, gas cajoles the water, gas conquers the air!

For the whinny of horses, we have shrieks of horns; for the cries of birds, the hateful percussion of motor and metal, explosion, exhaust!

Yet the sound of the sea,
And the charm of the sky,
Remain!

Only to know
The full lure of the land
And its legends of lore
From fresh sea voices!

We, the pioneers, fathers and brothers,
Sailors and lovers, farmers, saltmakers,
Fishermen, hunters:

We, the pioneers—
Of three hundred years,
Of ten or more generations—
Welcome new comers!
We planted the three-square,
The sand binding grass root!
We netted the sand dunes
To keep back the wave wash!
This was your welcome!

We, the pioneers, sheep grazers, cattle raisers,
Wood cutters, maize growers;
Leveled the forest for farmstead and home lot;
Brought up the sea grass,
And filled in the swamp holes,
Wrought pine land and moss barren
Into meadow and clover patch!
This was your welcome!

We, the pioneers, fishermen, sailors,
Trolled for the cod and speared the flatfish;
Seined herring and bluefish;
Planted the oysters;
Gathered the scallops;
Found the first sweet water pearls
In the mud-bedded quahaugs!
This was your welcome!

We, the pioneers, farmers and foresters,
Turned the swamps into gardens,
That harvested cranberries!
Then we, pioneers, fathers and brothers,
Sailors and lovers, farmers, saltmakers;
Fishermen always;
We, the pioneers, made our thanksgiving!
This was your welcome!

Out of a simple life
Came a sturdy race!
Out of daily prudence
The dignity of labor!
Out of clean living
Came clear thinking;
Out of a single faith,
Order, enlightenment,
A broader understanding!
Are you born, Democracy?
Not yet!
We, later ones, listen listlessly
To historic voices!

Our forefathers! Patterners of simple life!
Unswerving minds,
Unselfish hearts,
Unshackled hands,
Working patterns of life
To lines of beauty!

Simple and strong was their curve of life
To the outline of duty!
Simple and strong
Were the homes they built,
Their firesides and friendships!
Simple and strong,
In their homelife and teaching,
Church and town meeting!
Their well furnished minds
Fashioned forms to guide
Affection and pleasure
To lines of duty!

Simple and strong was the work of their hands!
Simple and strong
The lines of their chairs,
Their mantles and tables,
Their doorways, and gables;
Simple and strong
In the lines of beauty,
The pure light of their minds
Carved on their faces!

Homelife, affection, community, church;
Ideals that were won
With long days of toil,
Carved out of years
Burdened with care,

The lines of their lives
Come down to us,
Cameos of imperishable beauty!

Have we bettered the patterns?
Not until,
To our enlarging outlook,
We take from their past,
Simplicity, dignity, proportion,
To fill our outlines of beauty!

In this field, now red with close clustered, tiny wild
strawberries, the soil beneath is full of shell heaps,
arrowheads, and other Indian memories!

Here were the salt works,
Cities of salt houses,
Raising on stilts
The woolly fibered wood vats
With quaint pivoted roofs,
Gaping to sunshine
Blue pools of ocean,
That slowly, in beauty,
Whitened to crystal!
Cradles of diamonds!
To acres of crystals,
Opal and sparkling,
Amber and flamestone!
Acres of salt,
Purgative, astringent,
Drawn from the sea wealth,
For the health of the nation!
Savour of life,
Symbol of wisdom!

Gone are the salt works,
Cities of roofed vats,
And tide-water windmills!
Gone are the workers,
Hurrying to cover
The cradles of crystals
From the sudden shower!
Gone are the landmarks
Of stilt and pivot post.
The salt preserved boards.

With soft plushed surfaces,
Now built into barns,
Woodsheds and houses!
Where stood the salt works
Are dance halls, garages!
Gone are the poetry
And beauty of salt-making;
Yet the smile of the sun
And the breath of the sea,
Remain!
And the children know
Wild strawberries grow
Larger and sweeter
On sites of salt cities!

After the sun glare and the wave glint,
The ever changing foam tint, the yearn
Of the tiller and the stern pull of the sheet;
After the swing of the long tack, the jerk
And slap of the short tack, the flap
And flutter of mooring;
I no longer belong to the land!
I am the free wave, the wind song!
I feel the brand of the sun!
A sweet, strong vibration pulses through me,
Above me and beyond me!
I am reborn:
A new melody in the harmonic universe!

Only to lie
On the soft silvery sand,
One with the waves,
And the doming blue;
One with the ideals that blend
The lines of the past
With the dreams of the future;
Hearing sea voices!

What is this song?
Do I live it or dream it?
Song of all ages:
Of Pilgrims and Indians,
Of sand dunes and pine lands;
Sung by the children,
By the ocean, the sky,
And the headland?

Sung through the ages,
Yet singing within me:
Rising forever,
Sun born or cloud born—
I know not!
From you to me singing,
Winging with night winds,
Springing from pine tops,
The ineffable bringing;
Rising forever!
I cannot deny it,
Rising within me!
What is this song?

“I am The Eternal, to all men calling!
I am The Impulse, that owns and sways!
Mine are the sailors, fishermen, whalers;
Long voyagers, winners of seacraft and manhood;
Mine are the small grubbers, the seiners, crabbers,
Quahaug rakers, clam diggers, scallopers;
Gatherers of sea bait, periwinkles, mussels,
Smelt catchers, mackerelers, sliverers!
Mine are the idlers, health seekers;
All lovers of boating and bathing;
And the children that play with shells
On the beach!

Only to live
On the soft silvery sand,
With the dreamy waves,
Whispering sea music!
Only to love
The song of the past,
Rising in strains
Of new, strong faith!

“I am The Universal, to all men singing!
I am The Rise in the human heart tide!
Mine are the cranberry men, owners and pickers;
Workers, weeding and leveling swamps;
Black brothers, Senagambians, picking blueberries,
Scooping cranberries!
Mine are the watch tower man and the fire fighters,
Who sometimes in April and often in summer
Have struggled like supermen against the fire demons!

Mine are the wood choppers;
The iron of their sinews, the ring of their axes,
Make winter a harvest of comfort and joy!
Mine are the life savers, light-house men;
Heroes of light-ships and government-tenders;
All hardy and hopeful, trustworthy, faithful!
Mine is the storm that tests their manhood,
Mine the faith light that glows on their faces!
All heroes are mine;
Fighters of cruelty, without or within:
And greatest of all
Those that win out
In that noblest of battles
Against ease and self!

Mine the fruitful fall,
The smoking spring sod,
Gardentime, the summerful days,
Wind swept autumn,
Harvest of beachplum and bayberry,
Winter of cities of insects
Under rubbish asleep!
Mine, the year!

Mine are the dreamers:
The young in the boats,
The old at the fireside,
The prophets and readers,
Teachers and singers,
Historians, poets!

Mine are the dreams
Of family, friendship,
Brotherhood, religion;
The legends of sea,
The lore of the land,
The lure of truth!

Mine are the seekers,
Whose eyes never shutting,
Are longing for beauty;
Whose ears never closing
Are eager for music;
Whose souls never idle
Are groping for truth!

I am the Impulse, that owns and sways
The rising tide in all human hearts!
I am The Eternal Call that reaches
Down from the Great Unknown!"

What is this voice?
Sung of all ages?
From all to me singing?
From me to all singing?

In the breath of the sea, in the smile of the sun,
In the old, in the new?
Soul, sing of your loneliness,
That is the old song!
Soul, sing of your sympathy,
That is the new song!

Young men and young women who have heard the old
song,

You shall live the new song!

Lonely ones, dreamers!
Learn from the sons of cities,
Of peoples, of passion and ashes!
Take from songs of storm
And the sunset calm,
From the tumult of wave
And the peace of stars!
From the voices of sand dunes
Of pinetops and marshes,
Of the landloved creeks and bays;
Of the shallows and the great stirred deep!
Listen to the song of homing,
The homing of sea winds and wild wings,
Of heart throbs and memories!
Gain from the breath of the sea,
And the smile of the sun!
But live the song of the silence,
The silence within you,
The silence above you that calls
To the silence within you!
The silence ineffable that rises
And rises, greater than all songs
Of all ages!



CAPE COD IN PASTEL

A DAY! A YEAR! A LIFE!

(Tone, tune and tint from the palette of TIME.)

Across the fields,
Now loud, now faint,
The meadowlark is melodizing
Her silvery-sweet complaint!

Let me be a discoverer on this grey day while beauty
hides in the shadows!

Perhaps, in a woodland pool,
At dawn's pure light,
I may find a rose-madder moment
Lilied with white!

Morning sabbatia!

Pink butterflies,
Poised at the pond's blue brink:
The day is waiting, and I,
For you to fly!

A bluebird warbles to his mate,
A pledge of old, a promise new:
"To you! To you!"

She answers him as true love will,
With all of spring-time in her trill:
"To you! To you!"

Earth, yesterday you wore pale pink pearls of beach-
plum blossoming!
Only yesterday, you were looping, lacing, feathering
your robes with plum-petal, white!

Trees! Brothers!
You are full of the sparkling
Dreams of life!

When blushing arbutus babies are born to dull brown
woods, grandmother earth awakes from her
nap, and neighbor sky beams blue!

This is the time to—

What is this topsy-turvy ecstasy
of tormented tones
in a mad melee
of improvising?

Brown thresher!

Again the world gasps:
by your ardor,
from its cold complacency,

Startled into springtime warmth!

This is the time—

My eyes are fascinated with the froth of sparkling
yellow crystals that cover the sand slopes.

Are these flowers of heath, or sun-rays frosted over
night?

Now is the time to walk
The fields and forest edges!

Rose faces cluster along the street,
And smile from over the wall!
Rose children, bringing gifts,
Are dancing across the fields,
Sprawling over the meadow banks,
Climbing the fences,
Or loitering by the shadowed stream!
I know some are hiding behind that rock!
Peep out, smiling rose faces!
Let your warm, rich fragrance
Fill the air, children of summer!

I will walk your way, field sparrow!
As your sweet trill rises, so my thoughts!

You are fairy candleabras,
Twinkling stars of day!
You fields of flowering indigo,
New sprightly fancies play!

Tell me, children, when you pass this way,
If these are patches of yellow asters,
Or millions of giant, golden footprints
Upon the brown dry fields,
Made by the August-stepping sun?

What is summer?
Is it

Swallows?
Slim bows of blue
ecstatically
carving curves
in sunset skies?

Clusters of iridescence,
wavering, weaving,
leaving, arriving;
sky messengers?

Buff and blue balls
of feathery beauty,
cosily cuddling,
chittering on my window sill?

Summer is always gone before I plan for it, but I
know the humming bird accomplishes it every
year!

When I do dream, I find the fall jewels:
Garnets set in gold;
Cranberry bogs
Framed with October maples!

Must I go back to the street, the human way?
Crude colors, keep away!
The charm of life
Is finding supertints
In neutral grey!

If I go back to the city, where life on brass must play,
I will take with me:—
Each robin's greeting to the dawn,
Every song sparrow's uncounted joying,
The catbird's ever changing plaint,
The finch's throbbing jewelled song,
And the laughter of little children picking daisies.
With these memories, will I build for beauty,
A throne of tones, where melody shall rule
A kingdom of soft sweet sounds!

Brass and percussion, keep away!
The charm of life
Is finding supertones
Above the din and fray!

Unwillingly I step into the Crude.
Black is the banner of the cruel crew!
Yellow the color of the coward crowd!
Mobs, red sores on civic peace!
All conglomerations of humanity
Are menacing garish daubs
On the picture of promise!
May we, the individual life tones,
When sky-washed or sea-paled
Provide the mezzotints!

Let the crows, bluejays, hawks,
All the swift predatory ones,
With the cormorants and vampires of trade,
That fatten on the health blood,
And the sucked up virtue of the people;
The vicious crew of the crude,
Go down with the blackness of their hearts,
And the yellow of their cowardice
To the black oblivion of hate!

Who will awaken me from this reality
To the bright furtherance of a dream?
I care not how many red continents,
And strong bloody races,
The pale wash of time
Has obliterated,
If to my awaking from reality,
I find the bright, pure gleam!

Once I thought God red;
But when with all my soul
I plunged into the blue,
I found God white!

When I awakened from reality, the seasons
Taught me a new song!
With youth of green and violet,
With manhood of purple and red,
With violent colors, I've done away!
Let me paint, as I rise
Again to the blue,
Memories of baby-pink
Along the edge of old-age grey!

Again as discoverer, I come back to the soft tones,
To the misty beauties
Of the wistful sea!
Far out on the ocean
Are silent, moving mysteries!
Nearer are pale green lights,
Marking through violet shadows,
Pulsings of indigo, lemon, rose!
After the dark depths,
The lighter shallows
To give life iridescence!

Sing sea!
Smile skies!
Heart hope!
Soul rise!

We have said to you, Ocean,
We will guide our fleets over you,
Mighty titan,
While the red sun blinds our eyes,
And the grey mists bind our strength!
We have done as we have said, because of a song
That was in our hearts:
A song we have not heard
Or remembered!

Sea sing!
Sky gleam!
Life love!
Soul dream!

It is now sunset:
All nature is waiting
For the placid sea to crimson
At the sun's farewell!

Tomorrow there will be a storm, and you will see the
black rocks overwhelmed with soft white
spume!

Today there is a tree calling, and a flower calling, a
wave calling, and above all the silent voice of
beauty calling!

I hear you all, friends, and I stand for you!

While I hold the purple twilight around me,

I will remember all!

At midnight, when I enter the long bright dream,
there will be millions of waves melodizing the
moonlight!

Waves! Friends!
You are full of the sparkling dreams
Of life beyond life!

Listen!
The moonlight is singing:
"I sprinkle my silver over you,
Human hearts!
I am spreading for you
My patterns of peace!"

CAPE CAMEOS and CARTOONS
and PASTELS

Sketched from the Indian Lands of
Manomet and Mashpee
Monomoy and Nauset,
And the Pilgrim Lands of
Plymouth, Truro
And Provincetown

CAPE CAMEOS

I

ALONG THE DUNES

Here the white wedge of shore
Supports the silent sky,
And frames the fuming sea;
While sun with wind,
And wind with wave,
Distil salubrious harmonies.

II

THE MOMENTARY SEA

Vast vision of indivisible blue
Stippled with sunshine!

Coast garland of majestic monotone,
A plianth of gray mystery!

A turbulent monster
Devours the land
And clutches at high heaven!

Sometimes serene and glorious
Sunset-touched with unnamed color
Or with the soft silver patterning
Of perfect moonlight!

III
THE SINGERS

The pines sing sturdy songs;
Their branching candelabras
Ring paeans to spring,
Their resinous tapers
Chant winter madrigals
To health!
At all seasons they spread
Their broad-branched brotherhood,
Breathing benisons of beneficence!

IV
CHARMED VOICES

I have heard the oak leaves
Lispings gentle charms,
And the lofty pine-tops booming
With wild alarms!
Silver aspens tinkle, tinkle,
Like guitars that fairies play:
But among the reeds at sunrise
Many Indian legends stray!
 Waters whimper and the waves
 Whisper secrets to the night,
 Where lambent wisdom echoes
 In trails of phosphorescent light!
I have heard all nature tuning
When the dewy rose was born,
And the daystar hailing beauty
From the cradle of the dawn.
I have felt Hell's dominant
The tempest pain prolong,
And rested in the cadence
Of oceans slumber song,
And loved the wee and wistful voices,
The little, lost and lonely voices
That to the woods belong!

V

AUTUMN

Bask in the sunshine,
Crimson marshes!
Tossing gold shall
Fringe your edges!
Let the web-foot
Seek your grasses,
And the wood-folk
Foot your sedges!
Sleep in beauty
While winter passes!

VI

SHORE BIRDS

Are these weird whisperings
echoes of a never-to-be-known
spirit way?

Do I hear the ancient fluting
of a crude monotonous
Indian lay?

Are these eerie whimperings
hopeless cries of night-lost souls,
pleading for day?

VII

LIATRIS

Purple pomp and panoply!
The king of fall has come!

VIII
MY TOWER

My tower reads the landscape
And the prophetic sea;
Hears the bugle bells of storm,
Feels the terror of its torment,
And the after magnitude of calm.

My tower knows summer's retreat,
When the swallows cease to circle;
And the soft white amplitude
Of winter's joy.

My tower spreads history,
And threads geography;
Heralds dawn and sunset,
And sings the sagas
Of white trailed ships
On grey dim seas.

My tower paints the earth
With wider beauty,
And colors the sea
With everchanging charm;
It draws me nearer
To the stars,
And to the infinite!

IX

The butterfly-weed burns orange fire
Over the fields of brown;
Flashes its intrepid flame
Against the green grey moss;
In August announcing the oncoming assault
Of autumn's conflagration of color!

X
AN HOUR

Friends together;
Humans, fruit and flowers:
The sweetest music
Filled that great outpour
Of sunshine,
The purest harmony
Of thought,
Illumined those dear smiling faces;
While all around
Were symphonies of trees
With vistas of blue untroubled seas!

XI
WALKING

Does anybody walk for pleasure?
Can anybody walk these days?
For seven miles we foot the fields
The leafy lanes, the sandy stretch
Of lonely beach. We breath the health
Of towering pines, venture the bog,
Fruiting crimson in the sun,
And the dark tangle of the swamp,
Returning to the pearly beach
That silvers in the distance
Like a road of promise.

We hear of dancing, tennis,
Boating, riding, mostly riding:
All the world goes autoing!
Show me the man who walks
The woods, the beach,
Without a rod or gun,

Walks seven miles in full content
Of sea and sky,
I should not ask him what he knows,
He would not tell me what he feels,
Yet in his smile and in his hand
He bears a message
That one who never owned a car
Can understand!

XII RAIN

After weeks of grieving,
The pleading grass,
And agonizing trees
Are drenched with delight!

I cannot sleep
In such exuberant rejoicing!
I cannot dream
While myriads of jewels
Counterpoint the roof,
Making night super-melodious!

Earth! Earth!
With your refreshment
Is my soul refreshed!

Leaves! Leaves!
I shared your discomfort,
Now I share your joy!

XIII TWILIGHT SONG

Sing leaves,
To the summering breeze!
Sing stars,
To the shimmering seas!

XIV

THE PREDATORY

Squat sidlers of the shore,
Swift spectres of the deep,
 Ocean spoilers,
Clash claws and rage,
 Crabs,—human like!

Cozeners of communities,
Cajolers of civilization,
 Nation spoilers,
Clash jaws and rave,
 Humans,—crab like!

XV

ADHORTATION

Come you Capeward
 To be cured?
 Of what?

Know, summerites,
 There are some things
 That cannot be cured!
One is social astigmatism,
Another, superstitious egoism.
Likewise, there are no remedies
For super Jazz-elation,
Or the bacterial one-step;
No relief from motor-intoxication
Or auto-speeditis.
Nothing Cape-known
 As cure-all
 To self-sickness!
Deep sea drowning—might—perhaps!

XVI

SCALLOP SHELLS

The smooth white beach
is inlaid
with quaint colorings
that mirror moods of sea and sky.
Here are pink and grey dawns,
blue October seas,
lemon gold and orange gold,
shadows of purple,
and clouds of violet;
red suns, maroon sunsets,
spectrums of twilight seas;
pearl cups,
touched with ultramarine;
silver moons,
crimson margined!
Brittle flowers,
with fluted edges,
treasures of the sea,
storm tossed,
more glorious,
as the ruins
of a mud life ended!

Scallop shells,
lie long on the white smooth beach,
legendizing beauty!

I cannot
take away one shell;
it would spoil
this sea-created pattern of dreams!

XVII
ATTUNE

“Capt’n Bill, I’ve come to see your cranberry bog!”

“There she lies, red as a rose,
and full as a tick!
Winter and summer, I’ve sailed all seas
for forty years,
but for red and green and promise of fruit,
she beats all sights I’ve ever seen.
From the tropics up, I know them all;
pineapple fields, orange and lemon,
gold of Valencia and Philippines,
vineyards of France and the Rhone,
cherries of China, and lychee and plums;
quinces in Greece;
and apples and pears, all over the world,
and fruit I don’t know
covering the hills with crimson globes,
and spreading the valleys with color and odor;
but I’ve never seen a prettier sight
than this old bog of mine
in cranberry-picking time.
There’s nothing to me in foreign lands
like the stuff that grows in Cape Cod sands;
there’s nothing in sailing of foreign seas
equal to getting down on my knees
and pulling the pizen ivy out;
I guess I knew what I was about
when I put by my chart and glass,
and took to growing cranberry sass!”

XVIII
THE WRECK

Regiments of stony waves
Pound upon its breast;
Battalions of brutal winds—
No hope or rest!

Unshackled, the monster
Crouches, backs away,
Writhes in wrathful rhythm
And leaps upon its prey!

Shattering the land lines,
Venoming the sky;
Broken on the white rifts
Its noble ribs lie.

Like man, who soul-tossed,
In an alien clime,
Finds himself a wraith, lost
On the shores of time!

XIX
AS A TALE THAT WAS TOLD

Out of the East
Comes the war cry,
Raising the wave
To the murky sun!

Out of the West,
To still the murmur,
Shod with faith,
The millions come!

XX

AFTERWARD

Dawn comes out of the east
Riding a tumult of clouds;
Wild billowing beauty
Of the departing storm!

Day answers the challenge,
And clears the horizon;
Then the great liberator,
The sun advances!

He smites the roisterous waves
With his rod of light,
And topples the towering wind
To a soft bed of rushes!

The earth has an eerie song
New learned from the sea;
Shines the bright smile of peace
From every tree and flower!

XXI

NIGHT SONG

Let me live
in the silver light
of the moon!

Let me sing
to the shimmering
of the wave!

Let me love
when the stars
light the sea!

OLD CAPTAINS

*

Among the mystical murmur of waves,
Childish whisperings of the adult sea,
Baby babblings of the titan deep;
The hoary hero quietly rocked
In his bare and battered dory!
 Fishing? No!
 Living? Truly!
For his eyes mirror nothing of the puny present,
But all the world wide wonders of the past!

**

Face, a chart of all seas!
Smile, a friendly trade wind!
Eyes, two twinkling binnacle lights!
Right hand, captain; left hand, mate!
Weather-beaten old hulk,
Curiously time-carved,
But a capable craft!

Simple, childlike heartshine
 plays across this mahogany face;
Tired eyes of misty blue
 fire with tidal dreams;
This stooping, rusted frame,
 a ship of many cargoes,
Age anchors in the harbor home
 of long ago.

The beach bushes salute him,
As he climbs to the bluff;
They recognize, in this tottering frame,
The hero of heavy seas:
For they have heard tales of the typhoon,
Heresay of the tradewinds,
And echoes from Cape Horn!

THE TRYST

A SYMPHONY

This is the place of glowing memories,
Greater than the sweep and splendor of the sea;
Cheering, revivifying, as they return to me,
Framed in soft skies of bluest harmonies.
Beyond the farther—deep, uncharted ways
Sunset reanimates the mystery line,
Till every ideal, absolute, pure and divine,
Pictures its promise before my eager gaze.

Childish fancies, sweet vestures of desire,
Ineffable beauties, that only youth can dream;
Sympathies that nobleness and gentleness inspire;
All golden visions of one love that shines supreme:
Upon this shore my soul may stand in its high place,
And meet its noble kindred face to face.

ANDANTE

I do not think that skies and seas can care,
Or that the sun wields wisdom in its flare;
Or that the mystic moon, above the trees,
Lights placid peace, merely my sense to please:
Yet may I mirror, in some crude
Own way, each nobler attitude;
That the visible, within my reach,
Of time's ineffable may teach,
Till casting off my selfish misery,
I shall accept the token of the sea,
And on slow wings of struggle rise
Toward the poise of perfect skies.

PASTELS

I

AFTER THE STORM

As the pale mists follow the lagging clouds
Through the silent pathways of dawn,
The sea-wraith arises in pearl grey shrouds,
To the blue, from the violet-green.

The storm god towers over shuddering sands,
Purple with rage and power;
Brown herbs of the field wait the sun's commands
For the hour of rose and gold!

II

THE PINES

Billows of green,
Deep glossy green!
Green crests glowing
Above the black shadows!
Never a note of doubt
Or grieving!
Always the green giving
Of health and cheer,
And the strong faith
Of green growing!

III

FOG CHILD

Grey, wild waves, out of you I sprung;
Of creaming foam and sealift born.
When my restless voyaging is done,
Tired of the torrent temper of the sun,
I'll rest in your violet lulling breast!
My life tide flows back to you
Bountiful mother of waters!

IV
A MEMORY

The sun set red as blood!
Transmuted was the sky,
The sea, the shore to gold!
A radiant, uplifting glow
Surrounding, penetrating life!
It seemed that wave and cloud,
Land, weed and man,
And all the works of time,
Had never known a touch of grey,
But ever the glory and command of gold!
Each breath was made a gleaming gift,
Each thought a luminous path!
Of all the golden dreams, unrealized,
This was the ultimate!
Youth's aureole!

V
NOCTURNE IN SILVER

Moonlight fingers the water, little waves slip
Through long silver meshes and slide away,
Between the dark green shadows rise and dip,
Then in the deep oblivion lose their way!

Over the wave crests,
Dancing to the music breeze,
Voices of lovely forgotten dreams
Are naming beauties
More wonderful than these,
That summer's moonlight-silver streams!

Visions, insistently calling, lead the way
Through all the treacherous depths of night,
Across the crests where moonbeams play
To the fair far dawn of light!

VI
A SKETCH

The soft long lines of the sea-girt Cape
Are beauty's escape from the pale wash
Of the unknown. They bind content, and bid
The roisterous element of the tidal push
At the beach, repent. The pearl white sands,
The purple marsh, the field of a thousand tints,
Yield no tones that are crude or harsh
But wield enchantment; while the creeks and bays
Mirror a blue, that only the fairest skies
Hold true. For winter sketches, summer studies,
The green-grey moss, the dark brown heath,
Bright tints above, dull shades beneath,
The woods and fields are color wooed
To the mood of each season's fairest fancy.
The music the winds and waves are singing
Is bringing the senses the shimmer of joy.
As the glory of color glows in man,
In fuller measure the spirit grows!

VII
CRIMSON, GOLD FRAMED

Now summer's work is done,
The marshes hold carnival
Beneath the October's sun.

With crimson sedges carpeted,
While mauve marshmary pledges
Honey to the latest bee;
Within the proud topped
Edges of golden-rod,
Torch bearers
To the sun god;

The marshes hold carnival!

VIII
SCHERZO

There are so many greens,
That green
Is never half the word may mean.
There is a tone upon the sea
That never
Rested on a tree.
Spruces hold a bluish sheen
And maples
Golden suntints glean.
In the field, the herbs
And grasses
Foil effects of forest masses.
There are always
Shades between
Black and yellow, blue and green,
In winter sunsets,
Cool, serene.
Children of the rainbow dance
Wherever peacocks poise and prance.
Every tint
From pea to sage
Through the summer gardens rage.
Where the meadow clovers grow
Tourmalines and emeralds glow.
Every fire the diamond knows
In the leaf-born dewdrop glows
And the autumn's frosty twilight,
Paints a golden-green delight,
That no tender buds can bring
To the childhood tints
Of spring.
Oh, for time to know and dream
Half of nature's color scheme!
Till I the last of beauty glean
I'll praise
The gamut of the green!

IX
A CHILD

The wild sea birds piped in his voice,
As he danced with wind and foam.
His shining eyes were seas and skies.
Brighter his hands than gleaming sands.
Two joys complete, his chubby feet,
As they print patterns, smooth and neat
Such as tiny wavelets teach,
Before they reach the sandy beach.
With all the children of the sun,
Like freedom, love and joy in one;
He pranked and pranced and danced,
Laughed, and bubbled with the waves;
Till all the sweetness of the air and sun,
And dimpled sea, his smile had won!

X

Once more the generous autumn
Has painted earth with joy;
And color's eager ecstasies
The woods and fields employ!

Beyond the gleaming meadow,
Crimson flames arise;
A pageantry of fantasies
Against untroubled skies!

From every lurking shadow,
Light has broken through;
As if the smile of beauty
All evil could undo!

XI
WHITE AND BLUE

Smooth white beach,
 unpictured and serene!
On you the purple passions
 of tide and wind
Make murky wounds,
 that tomorrow's sun
Will heal! Scroll of peace,
 where with grace
Blue waves trace
 gentle arabesques,
And carelessly
 blot them out again!
Time toys with death,
 until it crushes
This smiling fair,
 its larger beauty to renew!

Here will I lie
 upon the white,
Till I am white
 all through!
And seeing, feeling,
 only the blue
Around, above,
 steal through me;
Time shall write
 upon my soul's pure white,
All that is lasting,
 deep and true!

XII
NOVEMBER

The oak leaves burn upon the hill,
The evening air is sharp and still;
My love is gone, I felt it go
With the early-fading sunset glow!

XIII
FROM LIFE'S LOOM

Woven among the musical patterings of the rain
Is a strand of silence!
Is not all monotony and futility,
The seeming warp of joy or pain,
Threaded with some deeper meaning?

XIV

Life shall win not the yellow
 of gold,
But all the colors of the
 spectrum.

Under the rainbow,
 not the pot of gold,
But a wealth of vision,
 never bought or sold!
Earth jewels remind us,
 but they bind us:
Let us lift our eyes,
 to the storm-swept skies;
Where in glorious color told,
All the fairer, fuller
 promises unfold!

XV
TO BE

Blue-bright
 with the summer sea,
In light of clear pure dawn;
Blue-bloom
 to the summer sea,
At pallid break of dawn;
Blue-deep
 as the untouched sky,
When I lie on the shore
Searching the high, farthestmost vision!

I was
Azure-born
 of the lillied lake,
Cultured with the cerulean peace
Of the cool-lined creek at twilight!

To be
Blue-dark
 as the ultramarine night,
Girt with a golden frame of stars;
Blue-true
 as the ever faithful light
In the eyes of love that smile
Soft sapphires of delight;
All-blue
 with the luminous sheen of life
That is hearted with the opal glow
 of dreams!

To be
All-blue, with the deep blue bloom
 of dreams!

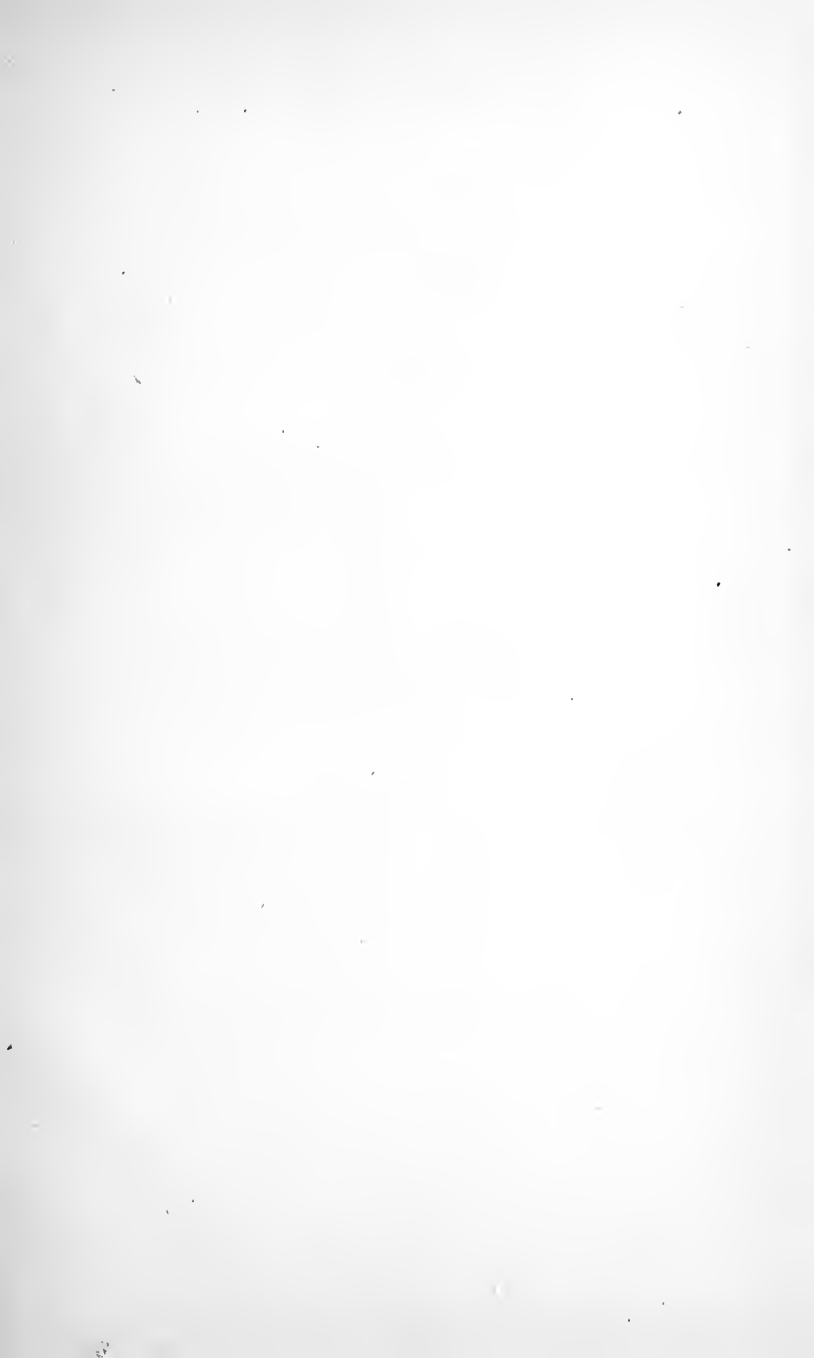
THE PILGRIM LAND

CONTENTS

Foreword

FROM PLYMOUTH TO PROVINCETOWN

THE SOUTH SHORE	<i>Page</i>
Mattakese	3
CAPE COD IN PASTEL	
A Day! A Year! A Life!	17
CAPE CAMEOS AND CARTOONS	25
OLD CAPTAINS	36
THE TRYST	37
PASTELS	38
Sketched from the Indian Lands of Manomet and Mashpee, Monomoy and Nauset, And the Pilgrim Lands of Plymouth to Truro and Provincetown	



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 603 977 4